JAN. 22, 1938

Literary DIGEST

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FIGURATIVELY locate yourself alone on a desert island . . . your only contact with civilization the weekly Literary Digest miraculously delivered each Wednesday morning. With this *one* magazine you would be as well informed as if you had a ring-side seat in the Arena of the World. Literary Digest may well be called a "service magazine" . . . acting for you as reporter, analyzer and correlator of the news . . . bringing in word and picture a blow-by-blow description of the week . . . of politics and people, business and war, science and music, movies and books and drama . . . accurate, unbiased, colorful but never colored. Some half-million responsible, alert Americans rely on their weekly copy of Literary Digest for a responsible, alert report of what's happening in the world.

LITERARY DIGEST

Literary DIGEST

WOMEN AND CHILDREN, innocent victims of war, fled from the rain of bombs, shells, and bullets that drenched Teruel, Spain, in subzero weather

Story of a Week

ONE BLISTERING hot day last summer an Arizona garage owner walked away from the gas pumps. "Johnny," he called to his ten-year-old son, "come and take care of the ladies in the green car. I'm going to get a glass of beer."

Johnny put five gallons of gasoline into the tank. One of the ladies leaned slightly out of the car. "Won't you get me a glass of water, little man?" she asked. Johnny walked to the house, got the drink, and returned. Barely tall enough to reach the door pane, he stood on tiptoe to hand in the water. He took one long look into the car, dropped the water in confusion and ran to the house. The ladies drove away.

Later the lad's father returned from a near-by tavern. "Daddy," said little Johnny, "you know what?" "What?" asked the garage owner. "Well, daddy, those ladies in the green car, they weren't wearing very much and I'll tell you something, I'm not sure they were wearing anything at all." The father whistled. Then he said: "Johnny, you work in the garage from now on. I'll tend to the cars."

Soon an account of the incident appeared in the Yuma *Daily Sun* and stories spread over Arizona that seminude motorists frequently were to be seen on the roads during warm spells. Susceptible young men in various parts of the state began seriously to consider the advantages of traffic patrol as a career. Arizona highway department officials were swamped with applications. "Now," said Carl McClung in a United Press dispatch from Phoenix last week, "they are wondering if a special session of the legislature will be called this month to relieve them of the necessity of testing hundreds of applicants for patrol work."

THIS WEEK

Cover in candid color by Maxwell Frederic Coplan

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LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

F. D. R. on Jackson Day

"WE ARE engaged in a struggle for the maintenance of the integrity of the morals of democracy. And we are in the process of winning it."

So said President Roosevelt some days ago to a nation-wide series of Democratic party dinners which honored the memory of Andrew Jackson and incidentally raised $400,000 to wipe out the National Committee's deficit. The threat to democracy, he said, comes from a "small minority" who "seek and use power to make themselves masters in-

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INTERNATIONAL

BROADCLOTH AND ASHES: Formally dressed in the conventional black and white that he despises, Vice President Garner makes free with his cigar ashes at the Jackson Day dinner, which he and his immediate superior are enjoying

stead of servants of mankind. At heart they oppose our American form of government."

The President pledged continuance of the war on "a mere handful" of business men, "who will fight to the last ditch to retain such autocratic controls over the industry and finances of the country as they now possess." He declared that "it will be a cheerful fight on my part, but a fight in which there will be no compromise with evil—no letup until the inevitable day of victory."

The President insisted that "attacks on the misuse of concentrated powers," such as those recently made by Assistant Attorney General Jackson and Secretary of the Interior Ickes, are not attacks on business men as a class, but on a small minority who employ "monopolistic practices of many kinds."

At this time, the President asserted, there is "less of unthinking partisanship" in this country than there has been since the days of Washington. He added that "party progress cannot stop just because some public officials and private groups fail to move with the times."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* interpreting this portion of the speech as a slap at conservative southern Democrats, declared that "some future historian may point to the Roosevelt Jackson Day speech of 1938 as marking the day when Democracy definitely turned its back upon its old southern home."

In other parts of the country, editors commended the "moderate" attitude displayed in the President's speech. The Boston *Herald* referred to the "notable absence of a vindictive mood." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* observed that business "heard no new threats, no new denunciations." Even the New York *Herald Tribune,* administration critic, declared that Mr. Roosevelt's Jackson Day speech had softened the implications of his recent message to Congress and "had drawn its horns and manicured its claws."

BUDGET balance delayed

A YEAR AGO President Roosevelt presented a budget message to Congress that brought cheers from the floor and sent a thrill throughout the nation. Predicting a "layman's balance" for 1938, he added: "We expect, moreover, if improvement in economic conditions continues at the present rate, to be able to attain in 1939 a completely balanced budget with full provision for meeting the statutory requirements for debt reduction."

But improvement in economic conditions did not continue. By midsummer the nation was in the grip of a new business recession; and the other day, when the President's budget estimates were sent to Congress, instead of a "layman's balance" for 1938, they showed a net deficit of $1,088,129,600. The proposed budget for 1939 indicated a deficit of $949,600,000 and an all-time-high national debt of $38,528,200,000.

"The recent recession in business has changed the outlook," declared Mr. Roosevelt. "Today it is necessary to revise the estimates of revenues. They will be less than we had anticipated. They will, as far as we can tell, remain below our estimated expenditures."

The President, though asking for a billion dollars each for defense and relief ($54,000,000 increase for defense and $500,000,000 decrease for relief), emphasized that total expenditures of $6,890,000,000 represent a reduction of $539,000,000 under the total for the current year. He added, however, that this reduction may be decreased by circumstances.

"I refer specifically," the President went on to say, "to the possibility that, due to world conditions over which this nation has no control, I may find it necessary to request additional appropriations for national defense. Furthermore, the economic situation may not improve—and if it does not, I expect the approval

CURRENT OPINION: Views pro and con on budget plan for more warships and less relief

No navy is going to be sufficient to cope with such a problem as could arise by reason of a hungry, unprovided-for people at home.—*Senator Gerald P. Nye (N. Dak.)**

There are plenty of places for slashing expenses without weakening the foundation of our national defense. A navy-building program would further diminish the danger of war for our country, foster employment and have something to show for the taxpayer's money. Spending for relief would subsidize scarcity of food and make everybody pay twice, in higher prices and taxes, with nothing to show for the expenditure.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

By itself, the proposal to enlarge the navy might be easy to justify. But national defense is more than a matter of ships and guns. If a nation builds two battleships for $120,000,000 and cuts 75,000 men from the CCC rolls, is that nation stronger or weaker? Nations fall before foreign attack after they have been weakened from within by unemployment, want and dispossession.—*New York Post*

I strongly favor the comparatively small increase in naval appropriations recommended in the budget. We have not yet appropriated enough money to build our navy to the so-called "treaty strength." In my opinion it is time to plan a new naval policy.—*Senator David I. Walsh, chairman, Senate Naval Affairs Committee**

It is wrong to make the starving, needy families pay for increased naval appropriations. Such appropriations must come from taxation of the rich. —*Daily Worker (Communist)*

We would much rather see the money go into CCC camps, good roads, flood control, irrigation, reforestation, land reclamation, health, education. But just as we often forego something we prefer in order to put a new roof on the house, the safety of the nation is the first call on our budget.—*New York World-Telegram*

Maintaining inadequate naval defense does not make sense. Relative sea strength of naval powers is shifting rapidly, and we are as rapidly falling behind. The appropriation sought should be passed.—*N. M. Hubbard, Jr., president, Navy League of the United States**

The cut in the work-relief fund in President Roosevelt's budget flatly contradicts the progressive policy in his message to Congress. If his recommendation should be accepted, 500,000 WPA workers must be discharged. —*David Lasser, president, Workers' Alliance of America**

I warn that this is the beginning of the end for the CCC. Don't abandon these camps in the name of economy when a message is coming here calling for two $60,000,000 battleships.—*Representative Jed Johnson (Okla.)*

Isn't it possible that, having spent money so lavishly on so many projects, our rulers have reached the conclusion that by spending it on the navy we may, like Great Britain, get out of the slump?—*Baltimore Evening Sun*

*By telegraph to the LITERARY DIGEST

of Congress and the public for additional appropriations if they become necessary to save thousands of American families from dire need."

There was little surprise in Congress at failure to achieve a balanced budget. None had been expected, but "I believe," said Representative Taylor, of Colorado, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, "that if there are no unforeseen eventualities, we will make a very good showing next year toward balancing the budget. This is not saying we will balance it, but we'll go right ahead keeping items below budget estimates."

TUNNEY: business man

"Tunney is nothing but a bookworm to whom the public is willing to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars for pugilistic entertainment. And what is this big false alarm doing in the way of honest preparation? Shadow-boxing? Slamming the heavy bag? Hitting the road? No! He is up there in bed in the middle of the afternoon reading a book."

Thus one irate journalist in 1928 summed up an interview with James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney when the heavyweight champion was training for the final bout of his career, against Tom Heeney, after having twice beaten Jack Dempsey. However, Tunney knocked out his opponent and remained champion. Whereupon, tired of being a pugilist, he told the public that he was "forsaking leather for literature and ballyhoo for business."

Sports writers hooted. "He may lecture at Yale on Shakespeare until the roof of his mouth is dry," said Damon Runyon, then writing a sports column for the New York *American*. "He may boggle around Europe with all manner of weird looking author-gents. But he will come back for more. And he will go down to defeat like all the others."

But Tunney did not come back. Instead, he turned to business, and by 1934 had been elected to the board of directors of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation. Last November he was made a director of the Morris Plan Bank.

Some days ago another chapter in his new career opened when he was appointed chairman of the board of the American Distilling Company, of which he had long been a director.

Meanwhile, the press has changed its mind about Tunney. The Birmingham *Age-Herald* recently remarked: "If we laughed nine years ago when fighter Tunney retired from the prize ring to take up heavier thinking, we forgot for the time being that this is America, and that America is a land where today's farmhand may be tomorrow's president. Business Man Tunney merely came up through a roundabout method."

Tunney is serious about his new appointment. He feels that "the distiller should keep a closer check on the product. The industry is conducting its own trial and if my voice will stand for anything at all, it will be to make it responsive to its obligations, both social and moral."

About himself, he remarks: "I want people to like me. But they've got to like me as I am because I've found that it's best for me to be just Gene Tunney."

SUTHERLAND steps down

In September, 1922, President Harding nominated former Senator George Sutherland for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Confirmed with alacrity by his erstwhile associates, Sutherland took his place on the bench at once.

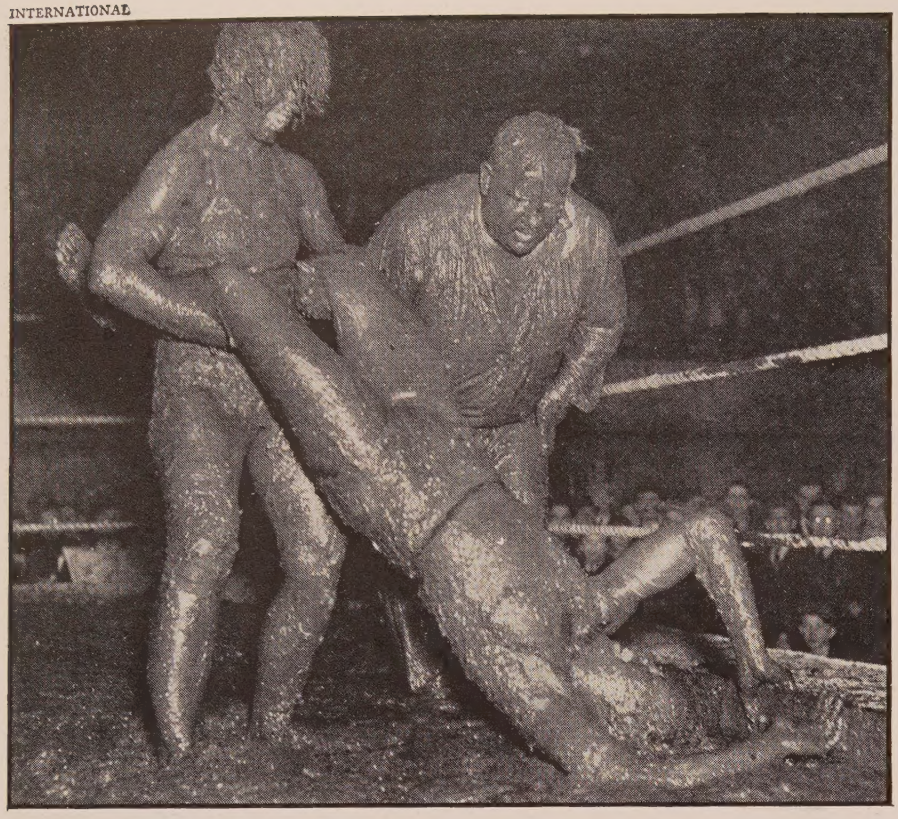
A conservative, he has been described variously in the last fifteen years as one of the "Four Horsemen of Reaction" and "a really lovely human being," depending upon the view of the commentator.

In the last five years he showed little sympathy with New Deal legislation. He voted against the government on NRA, AAA, the railroad retirement act, the Guffey coal act, and four of the five cases growing out of the Wagner act.

Several days ago, however, he delivered the Court's opinion upholding the right of the federal government to make loans to municipalities for construction of power plants to compete with public utilities.

"The Supreme Court has reformed," exulted the New York *Post*, recalling the spanking the President gave the Court last year. "It shows that 'spare the rod and spoil the child' applies as well to bearded

INTERNATIONAL



DIRTY FIGHTING: Wrestling in mud was recently introduced to San Francisco fans. Here are the first women wrestlers to brave the mud mat. Champion Mildred ("Cyclone") Burke at left successfully defends her title against Babe Gordon

judges as to boisterous babies, and that while the paddywhacking administered by Mr. Roosevelt last year may not have succeeded in enlarging the Court, it certainly succeeded in liberalizing its views."

But the "liberalized" Sutherland was not long on the bench. Two days later he informed the President he would retire this week and his action was regarded as the end of the President's fight to enlarge the Court. "It seems to me that this is the end of an epoch," said Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana, who aided the President's Court plan. Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, who fought the proposal, said the retirement was "further evidence that it wasn't necessary to pack the Supreme Court."

"This retirement," said the Boston *Herald,* "is additional evidence that the President blundered badly in his attempt to pack the Court. The average age of the justices is so great that vacancies were certain to open up, but the President was impatient at both God and man."

On the other hand, Robert S. Allen, in the Philadelphia *Record,* said that now "the administration will be able to count definitely on an enlightened legal view of its policies and measures. Hughes and Roberts can gyrate and McReynolds and Butler can fulminate as they will, but the liberals will control the bench."

LUDLOW defeated

LAST MONTH, 218 members of the House of Representatives signed a petition to bring to the floor the proposed Ludlow amendment to the Constitution. This would require a national referendum before Congress could declare war, except in case of invasion.

A week ago, however, the House refused to consider the Ludlow resolution, 209 to 188, and allowed it to remain bottled in the Rules Committee. Strong administration pressure had been brought to bear against the proposal. President Roosevelt wrote to Speaker Bankhead:

"I consider that the proposed amendment would be impracticable in its application and incompatible with our representative form of government. . . . Such an amendment . . . would cripple any President in his conduct of our foreign relations and it would encourage other

POET AND PREMIER, Octavian Goga heads the new National Christian cabinet in Romania. Anti-Semitic and pro-fascist, the Goga ministry is a minority rule

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM CHARLES HODGES

LUDLOW RESOLUTION: Reactions vary on shelving of war referendum by Congress

THE LAST men to be trusted with issues of war are the members of Congress. The fight will go right on. —*Representative Herbert S. Bigelow (Ohio)*

The people do not realize that there is a law on the statute books which wipes out practically every American liberty the day war is declared. Automatically, the President becomes a fascist leader of the nation. So long as we have that law, so long will it be wise to enact another law, taking the right to declare war away from the President and giving it to the people. The resolution will come back for consideration. —*William Allen White, editor, Emporia Gazette (Kans.)*

Interference of the administration to defeat Ludlow's amendment is a betrayal of democracy and repudiation of the people's will to peace.—*John Haynes Holmes, pastor, Community Church, New York City*

The resolution was a foolish gesture and very dangerous to our representative form of government. Congress did wisely in defeating it.—*Representative Patrick J. Boland (Pa.)*

The proposed amendment constitutes a serious departure from a tried plan of government. It would tend to destroy our whole plan of national defense, and indicate weakness in our national unity. —*Daniel J. Doherty, National Commander, American Legion*

Horrors of war will exist until we can get a moral equivalent of war, until acts of war shall be formally outlawed. Until then wars and their terrors will not decrease, Ludlow resolution or no.—*Representative Emanuel Celler (N. Y.)*

nations to believe that they could violate American rights with impunity."

The LITERARY DIGEST queried leaders of the battle on both sides for their comment on the defeat of the bill. On the opposite page are the reactions of Daniel J. Doherty, national commander of the American Legion; Representative Patrick J. Boland of Pennsylvania, Democratic party whip; Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, a leader of the fight against the bill; Representative Herbert S. Bigelow of Ohio, one of Ludlow's principal lieutenants; William Allen White, Kansas editor and member of the National Committee for the War Referendum; and John Haynes Holmes, head of a group of ministers who supported the resolution.

RECESSION—how long?

HOW LONG will the recession last? What can the government do to restore normal business conditions? Answers to these questions now are being sought by the Senate Committee on Unemployment and Relief which is holding hearings under the chairmanship of Senator Byrnes of South Carolina. Typical testimony of leading witnesses:

Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board: Curtailment of government spending last spring and "distortion of prices" were leading causes of the recession. The government should "sustain buying power" by assisting the lowest-paid workers.

William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors Corporation: Nobody "in God's world" could have foretold the unprecedented drop in sales of automobiles. "I have hopes that business will pick up in the spring."

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor: Government should shorten hours of work while maintaining existing wage standards, and should extend its public works, housing and work-relief programs.

Robert E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co.: The recession in consumers' goods will end by spring, but government encouragement is necessary to stimulate capital goods industries such as railroads and construction.

Lammot du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.: "We are in a pronounced recession," with no early upturn in sight. Congress must dispel the "fog of uncertainty" over taxes, prices, strikes, money, regulation of business.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace: "We are facing an urgent necessity for expanding rural relief," because of "a rapid decline in farm prices" and "serious drought condition" on the Great Plains.

AUTOS lead the way?

"THE AUTOMOBILE industry was credited a few years ago with leading the way toward an upward trend of business. If the automobile industry was able to lead the way out of the depression, it seems reasonable to expect it to do something about leading the way out of the recession."

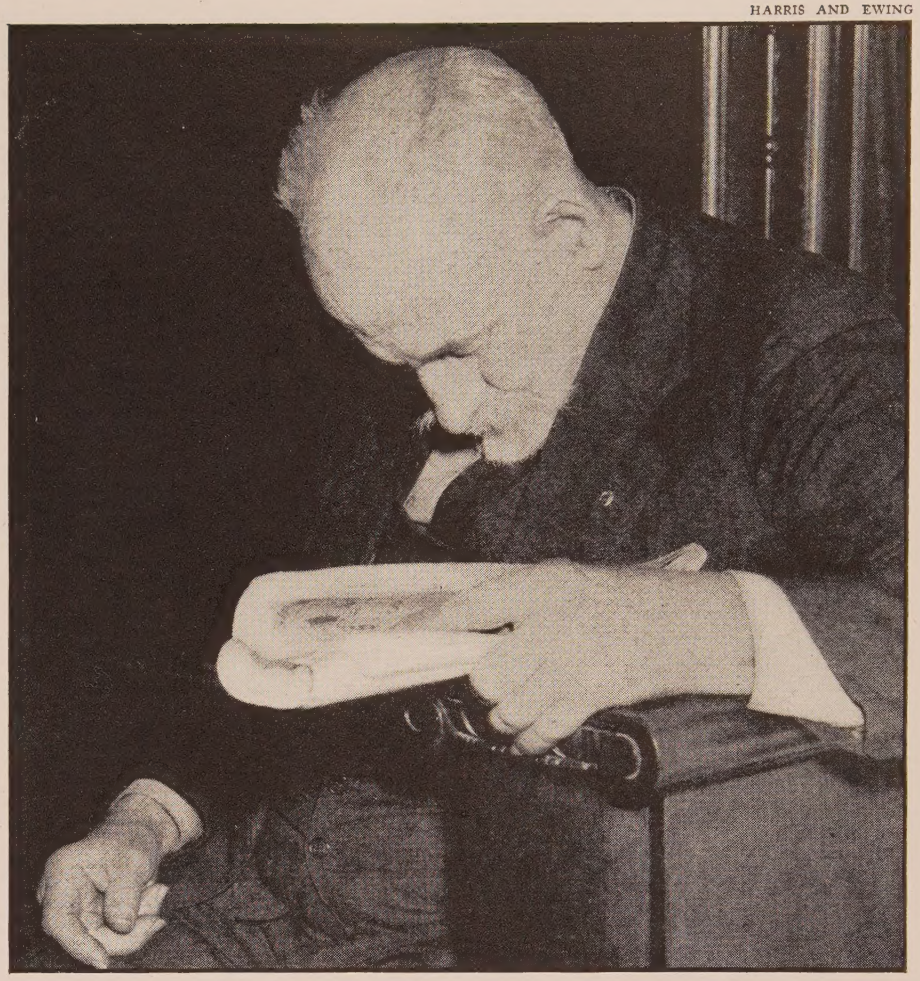
In this vein A. E. Barit, president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, addressed a group of editors and publishers recently in Detroit, as he announced his company's new entrant into the lowest price field: the "Hudson 112."

To millions of American motorists, the Hudson 112 presents a car, available in four body-styles, that boasts a six-cylinder, 83-horsepower engine, full hydraulic brakes, and a 112-inch wheel base chassis, ranging in price from $694 for the coupé to $755 for the sedan. As its contribution to recovery, the new car will put 6000 men to work (doubling Hudson's present working force), will boost the company's pay roll $1,250,000 a month, and will let loose an $11,000,000 flood of orders to automobile parts makers.

"While we recognize," said Mr. Barit, "that our own contribution in this respect is relatively modest, we feel that it does illustrate the opportunity for constructive action which will start wheels turning and put men and money to work."

Commenting on Hudson's move, Alfred Reeves, vice-president of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, told the LITERARY DIGEST: "Launching a new product at this time is highly commendable, and the return of 6000 men to work and many millions in new expenditures should have a marked effect for the better in motor circles."

HARRIS AND EWING



SENATE LULLABY: While the Senate Committee on Unemployment and Relief was questioning William Green, one visitor was lulled into quiet slumber

TERROR at Teruel

"THE BIGGEST battle of the war was closing with the Republic indisputably the winner. We recognized then that a great historic moment had occurred. The fascist counteroffensive was failing. The republican army—those lads who stood their ground, shivering in 20 below zero weather—was a People's army come of age." So cabled Joseph North, left-wing sympathizer and war correspondent, from Teruel to New York's communist *Daily Worker* last week.

Teruel was at the point of a deep salient held by Spanish rebels. Jutting down between loyalist Madrid and loyalist Valencia, it was the logical jumping-off place for a rebel offensive to cut the remaining loyalist territory in two.

After weeks of bitter fighting, attacks, counterattacks and flanking movements, said the Associated Press, "the surrender of the insurgent garrison at Teruel and of civilians who had taken refuge with them—more than 6000 in all—was com-

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD

"BANZAI!"—Actors and audience in a Tokyo theater together shouted their enthusiasm when news of the fall of Nanking reached the Japanese capital. The actors wore the classic costume of the Samurai (soldier-nobility), for the play was the famous one of the *47 Ronins*—a bloodthirsty drama of soldiers' revenge

pleted. Eighteen days of siege, in which ammunition ran low and supplies of food and water gave out, brought the rebel capitulation. It was a signal for celebrations throughout loyalist Spain."

General Juan Rojo, loyalist commander of 70,000 troops, took possession of the city. Rebel leaders admitted that "flabbiness and ineptitude" had lost them the salient "for the time being." Conceding defeat in a radio talk, rebel General De Llano spoke bitterly of one of his commanders who had surrendered to the loyalists. "That traitor," he said, "will get the payment due his infamy if he falls into our hands."

JAPANESE leaders clash

FOR THE first time since 1914, the Imperial Council of Japan met secretly last week in a beautiful room of the royal palace with the Emperor presiding in person. Here, the cabinet and general staff pondered future policy with regard to China. Japan, it appeared, would force China to her knees.

From Tokyo, Hugh Byas of the New York *Times* cabled: "There is entire agreement on the principles that Japan must continue her pressure until China submits or resistance ends." But, the same observer noticed, although Japan's leaders are united on principle, they are divided as to the means to achieve their end.

The militant group in the Japanese cabinet, headed by Admiral Suetsugu, the Home Minister, "favors an immediate declaration of war, an intensified blockade [Japan's blockade of the Chinese coast began in August], the closing of all sources of munitions and repudiation of the Nationalist Government of China," now headed by Premier Kung.

"Other ministers," the *Times* correspondent continued, "believe Japan's aims can be attained by methods less likely to involve international complications. They would develop Japan's present gains, support new governments in the occupied areas and act on the general policy that when shut off from financial sources and excluded from ports, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's resistance will wither away."

This divergence of opinion within the cabinet promised to reach a turning point in one direction or the other. In a leading editorial, the influential Osaka *Asahi* hinted the need for cabinet changes. "The Konoe cabinet," it said, "installed in office without anticipation of the China Incident, now stands in need of substantial reforms in order to make it the right type of cabinet to deal with the war-time situation."

The militant direction which Japanese policy appeared to be taking, with or without the consent of all the cabinet, was further exemplified last week when the new North China regime, dominated by Japan, pushed its plans to do away with the British and French concessions in Tientsin. Far Eastern observers also noted that Japan was preparing to take over control of the famed International Settlement in Shanghai. Tension increased noticeably between Japan and Great Britain.

ÇROSS vs. cross

LAST SPRING the Third Reich recognized a third official state religion: a neopagan cult based on Thor, Wotan, Siegfried and the old Nordic gods. It was especially favored by ultranazis and by Chancellor Hitler's blackshirt bodyguards, the *Schutzstaffel* or *S.S.* corps. The other two official German religions are Catholic and Protestant Evangelical, whose proponents today are deadlocked in combat with the up and coming neopagans.

Last week, in northern backwoodsy Mecklenburg, the fifteenth-century Chapel of St. Gertrude, at Guestrow, became a "Hall of the Ancestors" or a "Temple of German Blood."

The neopagan temple at once celebrated several "heathen" funerals, thirteen "heathen" baptisms, and nine "heathen" marriages. Ralph W. Barnes cabled the New York *Herald Tribune* from Guestrow: "The reconstructed chapel has been stripped of all Christian symbols. . . . It is simple almost to the point of austerity. . . . A bust of Adolf Hitler, clear-cut against the white wall, might be said to replace the altar. . . . Bold outlines of the nazi swastika replaced the cross in a stained-glass window."

The Guestrow burgomaster, in his formal dedication speech, said he intended to erect a statue of granite or oak depicting a German mother and children—this to be placed in the very center of the neopagan temple. "The burgomaster," said Barnes, "made no secret of the fact that her figure would symbolize fecundity, a cardinal point in the nazi cult."

"Heathen" temples now thrive in many German rural areas and provincial towns; but city dwellers are too blasé to adopt such fantastic rites. Germany is said to contain 5 million neopagans. One of their most important leaders, Quartermaster General Erich Ludendorff of World War fame, died recently. Hitler himself, born a Catholic, is reported as lukewarm to the movement. Most of the conservative Protestant Junkers who officer the German regular army are definitely hostile to neopaganism. One of them, General Georg Marx, even dared to write in the *Militaer-Wochenblatt* of Berlin: "Achilles is more important than Siegfried, and philosophy more highly esteemed than history."

DOUBT over Ethiopia

AS ITALIAN armies descended on Ethiopia in 1935, Luigi Orazio, Italian minister to that country, sent an optimistic note to Premier Mussolini: "Haile

Selassie's kingdom is a ripe, golden plum, ready to drop into Il Duce's lap."

Now that the plum has dropped into Il Duce's lap, the Italian Premier is not so sure that it is either ripe or golden. After eighteen months of occupation, the Italians find that native agriculturists will not coöperate and that exports of coffee, hides and skins, valued in 1934 at over £1,000,000, have virtually terminated.

In a recent dispatch from its correspondent in Jibuti, French Somaliland, the London *Times* declares that "the Ethiopians have persisted and still persist in passive resistance. Valuable coffee plantations and tracts of agricultural land that they will not cultivate have been allowed to go fallow for two years."

As there are no exportable commodities to take the place of those lost, it is apparent, says the London *Times* correspondent, that many years must pass before other products, such as cotton, can be grown in sufficient quantities for export. In the meantime it has been found necessary to import wheat and flour, though these products once were on Ethiopia's export list.

Currency complications have added to Italian headaches in Ethiopia. "The Maria Theresa dollar (silver) has been officially supplanted by the paper lira," says the London *Times*. "The Italians, when they set out to force their paper money on the natives, relied on pressure, but the native is biding his time and living on little."

Some Italian sources disagree with the correspondent's conclusions. Recently former Viceroy Graziani cabled Mussolini that "my surveys demonstrate that tranquillity is absolute. The native population is with Italy." But a writer in the *Tribuna* of Rome admitted that "nobody must delude himself with the idea that the former Shoan-Galla ruling caste have resigned themselves to the loss of their privileges and have welcomed our Italian Empire."

JEWS in Romania

THE ANTI-SEMITIC attitude of the new semidictatorial Romanian cabinet, which took office recently under nazi Premier Octavian Goga, caused international repercussions last week. Democratic England and France, disturbed by the threatened restriction of Jews, chided the new setup at Bucharest, while dictatorial Germany, frankly pleased with Romanian developments, applauded the stand of the new Goga leadership.

London and Paris, "in the friendliest manner," reminded the new government that Romania had signed a treaty in 1919 assuring protection to minority races and religions and agreeing "to naturalize all Jews in Romania who are not subjects of other nations."

Germany, however, was irritated by the Anglo-French action. "When and where did Britain ever demand protection for a German minority?" asked the Government News Service. "In Romania there are at present 1,500,000 Jews. (Romania's total population is 19,000,000). No one can deny that the Jews in that country are mere parasites. As in other countries they have slipped into the businesses and professions and set to work to destroy the national economy and the state. The Romanian government wishes only to expel Jews from state offices, and call a halt to Jewish thievery."

Hitler's official newspaper, *Voelkischer Beobachter,* suggested that England tend to its own affairs. "Britain had better be satisfied with the Palestine Jewish problem," it declared.

In an interview with A. L. Easterman of the London *Daily Herald,* King Carol of Romania took personal responsibility for the new government and its attitude toward Jews. "It is my government," he declared, "and it must have my approval. The day I am not satisfied with its conduct of affairs, I will require a change.

"The Jews who lived in Romania before the war will remain untouched. But the 250,000 Galician and Russian Jews who entered after the war illegally are not a good element. Can people be regarded as good citizens who entered the country by fraud? They are without legal rights except as refugees. About them we will consider what we must do.

"There is no question of expulsion. But public feelings are such that we cannot give political rights to invaders. There is no reason for anxiety abroad on this matter. We shall not be rabid."

NEW DEAL for Holy Land

DURING the World War England promised Palestine to the Arabs to win them away from Turkey and also promised it to the Jews to win them away from Germany. These conflicting British promises led to trouble, as 370,000 Jews and 850,000 Arabs lived side by side in Palestine, each determined to dominate. Under a British mandate since the war, Palestine has had sporadic racial terrorism.

To bring peace to the Holy Land, Britain repeatedly has dispatched troops, established virtual martial law, and sent investigating committees to propose solutions. Last July, the cabinet accepted in principle the proposals of the Palestine inquiry commission of the late Lord Peel, that the country be divided into three parts: an Arab state, a Jewish state, and a corridor under British mandate running from Jerusalem to the Mediterranean.

All last summer this plan was berated by Jews and Arabs, Conservative and Labor members of Parliament, and the League of Nations Council.

The British government now has ap-

STREET CLEANING with rifles, government troops in Teruel, Spain, clear the roofs of rebel snipers. Teruel was the scene of desperate fighting in the streets, the hospital, the monastery, and in underground passages. Of great strategic importance, the city's capture brought new hope to the loyalists

WIDE WORLD

parently yielded to this opposition. Several days ago a letter from Colonial Secretary William Ormsby-Gore to Britain's High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, set forth a new policy.

The government continues to assert that partitioning Palestine "is the best and most hopeful solution of the problem," but admits that the partition suggested by the late Lord Peel is not the most suitable. The government now proposes to send a new commission to Palestine to study other solutions. It is stressed that this new commission is not committed to the original Peel plan to divide Palestine three ways.

In Jerusalem, some Arab leaders threatened to boycott the new commission when it arrived in Palestine. The Associated Press reported that they regard the plan as a "clumsy attempt to bluff Arabs and Jews." Jewish circles voiced anxiety over the "dilatoriness" of London and feared continued economic uncertainty and physical violence.

Players in the diplomatic game whispered that perhaps the British government was muddling along on purpose, in the hope of finding some totally new solution for the crisis. Lord Beaverbrook's London *Evening Standard* expressed the view that "maybe it is hoped that during the long vistas of delay some new shift will occur to somebody. . . . As the Colonial Secretary thrashes the sluggish mules of policy along the weary and circuitous road that leads to Jerusalem, to Downing Street, to the House of Commons and so on to Geneva, some golden angel may descend to free him from his melancholy labor."

PEOPLE of a week

Births—To *Prince Juan,* heir apparent to the nonexistent throne of Spain, and *Dona Maria, Princess of Asturias,* a son. The baby will have the title of *Infante de España.* . . . To *Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Baldwin,* a son. Mr. Baldwin is the son of Earl Baldwin, former Prime Minister of England . . . To *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lillis* (*Bing Crosby*), a son, their fourth.

Engagement—*Countess Maria di Ricaldone,* famous Turinese beauty, and *Prince Ferdinando di Savoia-Genova, Duke of Genoa,* second cousin of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The Duke is an admiral in command of Italy's fleet in the upper Adriatic.

Marriage—*Prince Paul,* thirty-five-year-old heir presumptive to the throne of Greece, and *Princess Frederika Luise of Brunswick,* twenty-year-old granddaughter of the former Kaiser Wilhelm, in Athens before a brilliant assemblage of royalty from the sixty houses of Europe. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Athens, assisted by twenty priests, using the ancient ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church. A second ceremony was performed by a German Evangelical pastor.

Birthday—*Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt,* pioneer feminist leader, her seventy-ninth. The optimism which has marked Mrs. Catt's birthday messages in recent years was notably absent this year. Mrs. Catt said: "The world is in turmoil. People are everywhere restless and uncertain of the future. If we are to steady our civilization, action must be taken now. A way to end warfare must be found soon."

Appointments—*Joseph E. Davies,* Ambassador to the Soviet Union, as Ambassador to Belgium. Ambassador Davies, who is well known as a corporation and international lawyer, has been an active Democrat for many years and was one of President Wilson's strongest supporters. . . . *Norman Armour,* since 1935 Minister to Canada, as Ambassador to Chile. He is a career diplomat with a long record of service in foreign capitals begun in 1912 as a secretary in the United States Legation in Vienna. . . . *Charles V. McLaughlin,* of Nebraska, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, as Assistant Secretary of Labor, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation several months ago of Edward F. McGrady. President Roosevelt's selection of Mr. McLaughlin enabled him to put an outstanding union leader into the position without danger of involvement in the feud between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O.

Death—*Sir George Halsey Perley,* 80, member of three Conservative Cabinets, former Canadian High Commissioner in London and Acting Prime Minister of Ottawa, Canada. Sir George was a New Hampshire-born millionaire and long was hailed as "Canada's Yankee Statesman."

DOUBLE FEATURE: The Misses Brandt cut a graceful pair of figures on—or, rather, a little above—the ice at the Grand Rink, St. Moritz. The Swiss have a pleasantly suggestive name for them—the Shadow Sisters

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING

DARK HORSE and white hope of many Republicans is Charles L. McNary of Oregon, minority leader in the Senate. He is here seen with Mrs. McNary

McNary of Oregon

BEING the "best-dressed man in the Senate" suggests high visibility. How such a man can at the same time be a "dark horse" seems puzzling. But politics is like that, and both the above are standard newspaper allusions to the dapper Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Senate minority leader, who pleads for good will and coöperation between government and business and accuses the administration of "an obvious effort to create an alibi" for the present recession.

In the twilight zone, or No Man's Land, of Republican party reconstruction and of possible coalition, Senator McNary is a quiet but potent off-stage figure, regarded by many Republicans as the white hope of a party comeback.

He himself discounts the "dark horse" talk, as he did in 1936. A state as far out on the rim as Oregon, with five electoral votes, cannot weigh heavily in 1940. The Senator's importance and national significance rest in the fact that in the present partisan flux he is the best political catalyst in the Republican ranks: that is, an element capable of inducing new and salutary equations without getting snarled up in them.

He is a liberal, drawing his political support from both labor and farmers. He is a devout agrarian, but never joining in any yappant and ululant outcry against the wolves of Wall Street. Above all, he is a political realist and precisionist, who knows how to get votes.

One quotes scores of American newspapers in calling him "the most popular man in the Senate." He is also the best lubricator and trouble-shooter, the ideal envoy to any hostile camp. He rarely makes speeches and never long ones.

While not making speeches might make a Senator popular, he has many other claims to fraternal esteem. He will go a block or two, in his easy, graceful deliberate stride, with anybody who has an idea. He is a good listener, meeting all comers with gracious formality, and his many firm friendships include blown-in-the-bottle, old-line Republicans, rampant progressives, New Dealers, and unreconstructed and bellicose southern Democrats. The Senate page boys would make him President in a minute.

Tall, trim-rigged, agile, alert, he looks younger than his 63 years. When he came to the Senate, in 1917, a curious reporter asked him what he was interested in.

"Nuts," said the Senator.

He was alluding to filberts. He has 20 acres of them on his 640-acre farm near Salem, along with walnuts, cherries, hops, and pears. The filberts are his passion. Between congressional sessions, he works a great deal on that farm, five miles from his Salem law office.

"An orchardist learns the laws of nature," he says, and it is natural to infer that one so skilled would be successful in grafting enlightened liberalism on the stem of ancient tradition. The allusion doesn't seem far-fetched in the light of Senator McNary's success as a liberal traditionalist, or vice versa. As an orchardist and a politician he keeps "intellectually liquid." Which does not mean that he plays both ends against the middle. He likes to boil legislation down to a specific bill of particulars; and then he says his say, explicitly and concisely.

In the years from 1933 to 1935, inclusive, he voted with the New Deal 9 times and against it 7 times. He voted for the $4,800,000,000 work relief bill, the Wagner labor bill, the social security program, and the major power bills. In the special session just ended, he swung from the heel on the farm bill, shoving through a drastic amendment which would prevent the use of land for dairy products when such land was taken out of other crops.

Three generations of his family have lived on the Oregon farm where McNary was born. An orphan at an early age, he lived with his sister in Salem, and during high school vacations worked in a nursery, which implanted in him his lifelong love of horticulture. He attended Stanford University two years, studied law, practiced with his brother, John, became an assistant district attorney and a Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon in 1913. He was appointed twice to the Senate to fill unexpired terms, in 1917 and 1918, and then twenty years ago he won his first election.

—Lemuel F. Parton

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

JULY saw the falcons of war let loose, diving at their prey with talons of bombs as the Japanese smashed through North China, pushing toward Mongolia and Peiping

NORTH CHINA PASSES held up the invaders. Chinese bitterly defended them against three Japanese armies

Six Months of

Six months have now elapsed since the Sino-Japanese war began. Starting early in July, Japanese armies since then have occupied much of the Chinese North; captured Shanghai and

PICTURES INC.

ATROCITY tales abound on both sides. This picture of a Japanese officer sabering a dead Chinese was faked for propaganda purposes

INTERNATIONAL

AUGUST was the start of the naval blockade. Japanese warships and planes cleared Chinese vessels from 2000 miles of Chinese coast, demanded the right to search foreign craft. The great powers refused the demand

INTERNATIONAL

JULY brought also the fall of Peiping. A clash there between Chinese and Japanese troops touched off the war

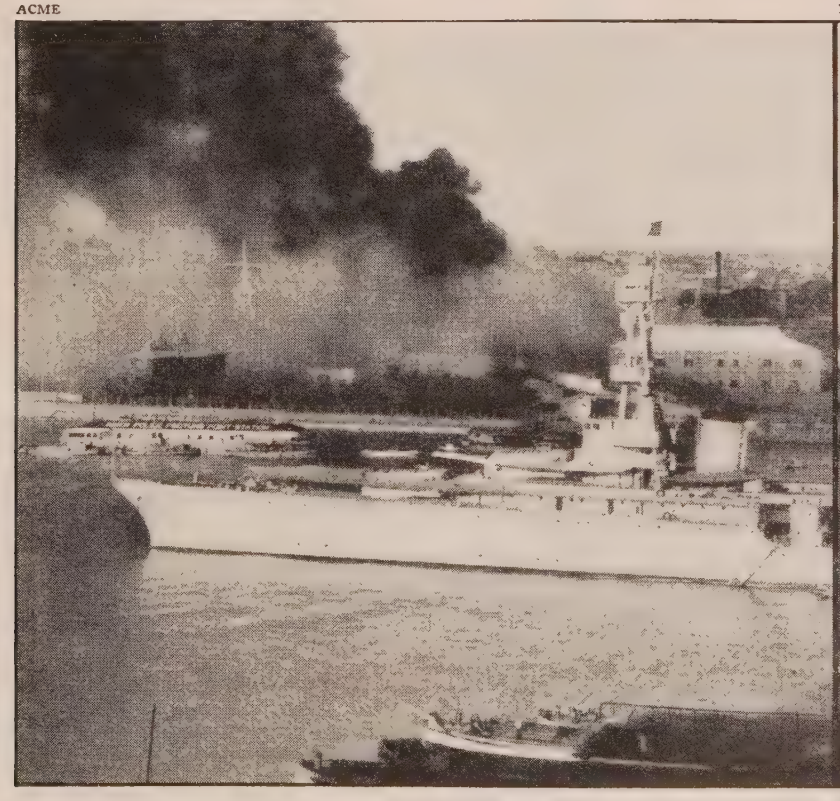
Undeclared War

Nanking, the capital; bombed and blockaded the coast; and set up a "provisional" Chinese state under Nipponese army control. Japan's forces now sweep toward South China

WIDE WORLD

MID-AUGUST skies rained shells on Shanghai. Japan's sea and air forces bombed Chinese sections; her armies met amazing opposition from Chiang Kai-shek's recruits

ACME



IDES OF NOVEMBER marked Shanghai's capture. Retreating Chinese armies left ruins for the conquerors. A sailor on the *U.S.S. Augusta* and hundreds in the International Settlement were killed by stray shells

INTERNATIONAL

MID-DECEMBER found the Japanese in Nanking. Metropolis gone, capital gone, what resistance have the Chinese to offer in January?

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

SENTENCES THAT SELL merchandise are the commodity that Elmer Wheeler deals in

Selling the Sizzle

AN UNSCHOOLED soda jerker asks if you'll have an egg in your malted milk. Almost automatically, you answer "No." But an attendant trained by Elmer Wheeler, the inventor and copyright owner of "Tested Selling Sentences," holds up an egg in each hand and asks whether you'd like one egg or two. Almost automatically, you answer, "One," and the cash register rings up an extra nickel. Hundreds of thousands of such profitable answers, deftly suggested to the patrons of filling stations, hotels, department stores, and retail chains, have made Elmer Wheeler conspicuous in the annals of applied psychology.

"Don't ask *if*," says Wheeler, "ask *which*." Don't ever give a customer the choice between something and nothing; don't ask questions easily answered in the negative; frame them so as to lead to the answer you want. People who ordered Coca Cola at a Brooklyn department store soda fountain were being asked by the attendants whether they wanted a large one or a small one. Few ordered large ones. When Elmer Wheeler had finished his tests, the clerks merely said, "Large one?" and a large one it was two out of five times.

In 1927 Wheeler was on the advertising staff of the Baltimore *American*. A store owner complained that, while his merchandise was good and newspaper ads pulled crowds into his store, people didn't buy enough when they got there. Wheeler went behind the counters, listened, watched, and soon realized that the clerk's words and actions were haphazard, mechanical; that a counter could be a bottle-neck where even the best sales campaign got stuck. He experimented with shirts. He taught the clerks to say, "these buttons are anchored on," meanwhile letting the customer tug at the buttons. This, and the vivid word "anchor," moved mountains of shirts.

Here was born one of those ideas which, like most original ideas, are so simple that no one else has thought of them. For ten years it has been Elmer Wheeler's profession to find out for his clients what words, spoken across the counter, will sell merchandise. It is shrewd psychology applied to a neglected link in the chain of business. Wheeler and his staff, when they set to work, do not immediately fill the clerks' mouths with polished, ready-made slogans. For a long time they listen, test, keep score, eliminate. Often the selling sentence finally chosen comes from one of the clerks, who was saying it without quite knowing why.

Engaged by the Barbasol Company, Wheeler set up his "field word laboratory" in a retail store and found that clerks were using 146 different sentences to interest men shoppers in Barbasol. By trial and error he eliminated all but one sentence, and had the clerks say, "How would you like to save six minutes shaving?" Sales of Barbasol doubled. Later this sentence was further simplified, and at a store where the clerks said, "How would you like to cut your shaving time *in half?*" sales of Barbasol tripled.

A shoe store asked him to help dispose of a surplus of children's moccasins.

Mothers, and the children who came with them, were indifferent to sales talk about the moccasins' stitching, wired beads, or blunt toes, but when Wheeler taught the clerks to drop a pair in front of the child and say "The kind the *real* Indians wear, Sonny," every fourth boy made his mother buy him a pair.

Another merchant sadly showed Wheeler a great pile of square clothespins, which no one seemed to want. Wheeler watched customers come up to the counter, look at the square clothespins, then at the cheaper round clothespins, and ask the clerk, "What's the difference?" "Three cents a dozen difference," came the answer. Wheeler sought for a deeper, more attractive "difference."

ONE OF THE basic principles laid down in *Tested Sentences That Sell,* is "Don't sell the steak, sell the sizzle." What were the sizzles in these clothespins? They were smooth and they wouldn't tear garments. They wouldn't split on clotheslines. They weren't slippery when wet. But wasn't there a super sizzle? Accidentally, Wheeler dropped a square clothespin on the floor. It didn't roll. Soon, when asked, "What's the difference?" clerks were answering, "They won't roll when dropped," and were selling so many more square than round ones that the latter became a problem.

In hundreds of cases, Wheeler has found the key words which will unlock customers' hearts and purses inside of the first crucial ten seconds. Thanks to him, filling-station attendants who used to say "Check your oil?" now ask, "Is your oil at proper driving level?" Armed with his "Tested Selling Sentences," clerks in a New York store saved $7000 in delivery costs by suggesting to those who bought clothing how pleasant it would be to wear their purchases that same night.

"It gets them in the corners" quickly disposed of square fly swatters. "It won't rub off" increased sales of white shoe polish 300 per cent. "Have you ever used a *scientific* toothbrush?" sold out a several months' supply in one week. Lately Wheeler has been planning a campaign for steel coffins. His "Tested Selling Sentence" for undertakers to use will probably be: "They won't cave in."

Wheeler's activities extend beyond store counters. He advises moving men to arrive with soap and towels and, before touching the furniture, ask where they can wash their hands. At his suggestion, laundries instruct their telephone solicitors, married or single, to introduce themselves to housewives as "Mrs."

His field investigations have improved the technique of selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. He cut the Hoover "Condensed Door Approach" by 25 words. He advised Hoover salesmen, once they were inside the door, to look for birds, dogs and children. If there's a canary in the home, the salesman's "Tested Sentence" to the prospect is "Will it sing?" If there's a dog, he asks its name; if a child, its name and age. This may explain how a Hoover man once sold vacuum cleaners to 92 per cent of the people who had signs on their doors reading "No Canvassers or Beggars Allowed." Incidentally, Wheeler tells those who use dogs to guard their sales resistance that "Beware of the dog" isn't nearly as effective as "Beware of the *hungry* dog."

For the Statler Hotels, Wheeler's tests upon guests and staff brought excellent results. He coached room clerks to quote prices from "$6 down" instead of from "3.50 up." After a good deal of trouble, he discovered that the best thing for a bellboy to say, when showing a guest to his room, was "Have you been with us *recently?*" If the guest hadn't, the bellboy could show him the room's gadgets and describe the hotel's unusual features. Wheeler told bartenders to let guests pour their own drinks. This flattered the guests, whose less steady hands could not fill the glasses to the brim as did the bartenders'. And, as an added advantage, the hotel reaped an extra profit of $2 per bottle. Flattery paid dividends.

Usually twice a week, sometimes as often as three times a day, Elmer Wheeler expounds his principles in vivid, humorous talks to trade associations and meetings of Rotary or Kiwanis. He tells them that his files contain 105,000 sentences tested on 19,000,000 customers. But he doesn't claim exclusive possession of the key-ring of magic words. He points to gifted amateurs—the railway station porter who, instead of a stale "Red cap?" or "Carry your bag?" asked "*Which* train are you catching?" Or the blind man who increased his May income by wearing the sign, "It's spring, and I am blind."

On one occasion Elmer Wheeler's sentences kept a man from jumping off a roof. He was spotted climbing onto a narrow ledge, eighteen stories above the street. A secretary in a near-by office screamed. The man hesitated. People rushed up to the roof. For over an hour they pleaded with him not to jump. A fireman told him to get back. A rabbi reminded him that suicide was against his religion.

Then one of Wheeler's associates, Miss Diane Gregal, was called to the scene. She tested sentences on him. "Shall I get you a cup of coffee?" didn't work. Neither did the suggestion of a glass of wine. Finally, she cried: "You look *silly* on that ledge! Get down before your wife sees you making a *fool* of yourself!" The would-be suicide got down, touched at the most vulnerable point in any prospect's armor—his vanity.

—Robert Littell

SCIENTIFIC appeal sells toothbrushes

"DON'T ASK IF, ask which"

THE FIRST TEN seconds are crucial

FLATTERING customers sells goods

Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print and on the air

JAPAN'S "SELF-DEFENSE"
from "I Speak for the Chinese"

ACCORDING to her oft-repeated statements, Japan's conquests have always been in self-defense, and from her point of view this is truthful. Korea was conquered and made a part of the empire of Japan because of the fear that if this were not done some other power would seize the helpless country and thus menace Japan. Korea and Manchuria were neighbors with a long boundary line and so Manchuria was conquered because, among other reasons, its close proximity constituted a menace to Korea. Jehol was taken as a safeguard to Manchuria and encroachments were made on Inner Mongolia for the same reason. Chinese troops in North China threatened these new possessions, therefore a war of self-defense was necessary in order to bring North China under Japanese control and remove this menace.

This line of reasoning, if followed further, as the Japanese have obviously followed it, leads to some very interesting conclusions. There can be no doubt but that, if Japan does not take possession of North China, the presence of Chinese troops in the Yangtze Valley will make it necessary to fight another war of self-defense, for Chinese troops will menace their position north of the Yellow River. Having conquered the Yangtze Valley, still another war will be necessary in South China.

Suppose that Japan wins this war of conquest. She will then have possession of all of China, but will she be secure? That she will be is not a reasonable assumption, for her southern outposts would be seriously menaced by the heavily fortified British colony of Hong Kong. From here the British could at any time dispossess her of the rich and populous city of Canton and control the trade and shipping of South China. By the time she was confronted with this problem, Japan, in possession of China, would control about one-third of the population of the world—nearly 540,000,000 people.

Hong Kong could not be securely held without possession of Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines—and so, if we follow the Japanese justification for conquest, we find ourselves in a series of vicious consequences to which there can be no logical end.

After China, what?—*Carl Crow* (Harper and Bros., $1.00)

PREXIES' PROBLEMS
from "Harper's Magazine"

WE COLLEGE presidents are unlike in many ways. Some of us look like presidents; many do not—and the latter enjoy it more. In a crowd many of us would be taken for mildly successful business men. On the train from New York to Northampton, Dr. Neilson was enjoying the banter in the smoking compartment. One of his companions said, "I sell autos; what's your line?" "Skirts," promptly replied the president of Smith's 2000 girls. Most of us are married. We men almost always must have a wife to help us.

The women leaders of women's colleges have been as successful as any of us men. Their task is doubly difficult too. They have their job to do in the office; when they return to their homes they are the hostesses; no wife relieves them by arranging dinners, receptions, social contacts with students, faculty, and town. We men do not envy them for their twenty-four hour a day responsibility.

Sometimes we pay academic debts by conferring honorary degrees on one another; the president most recently chosen may get his first honorary hood at the first inauguration he attends as his college's presidential delegate. Friendly rivalry exists among us thus to honor one another; Seymour escaped last June by being abroad; Conant and Dodds were showered a few years ago. Watch the papers and count the degrees Baxter (Williams), Day (Cornell), and Dykstra (Wisconsin) will get.

Most of us speak our minds frankly on public affairs, often even on matters in which we have no competency. Most of us are conservatives, as are our bosses, the trustees, in general; and radical economic changes worry us by threatening adversely our endowment income.

Presidents of state-supported institutions are under much more of a curb on public matters than those of us who preside over independent colleges; few of the heads of independent colleges, even those which have close denominational ties, are prevented from speaking publicly the truth as they see it. Probably this group of presidents can do more than those in institutions under public control to fight for freedom of speech; we can publicly oppose "oath bills," we can urge freedom for the teacher. There are many signs of impending interference with academic freedom in American colleges; here we have a large responsibility.

The presidents of the colleges in Massachusetts were "asleep" in letting the Teachers' Oath Bill pass the legislative committee before they even knew of it.

THIS WEEK

Japan's "Self-Defense"	*I Speak for the Chinese*
Prexies' Problems	*Harper's Magazine*
The Emperor-God	*NBC Red Network*
Queer Visitors	*The Leader, London*
Midget Railroads	*Town and Country*
After-Forty Chances	*Psychology*
Modern Way to Mecca	*Al-Ahram, Cairo*

Cartoon of the Week

Governments while you wait.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

They requested a rehearing and found themselves made ridiculous by the non-college-trained, shrewd Irishman who presided; after each president spoke denouncing the bill, he called on a communist or a socialist who did likewise! The bill passed.

We presidents are proud of our profession. We are humble about our abilities. We think the public often expects too much of us and our colleges. We cannot educate your sons and daughters unless they have the capacity for self-education within them. We know that many experiences educate just as effectively as a college. We do not want the public to consider us supermen or individuals disdainful of those who are not college trained. Actually, we are very much like you.—*A College President*

THE EMPEROR-GOD

broadcast over NBC Red Network

For the Japanese, the Mikado is not a personage. He is God. Actually, there is no word for God in the Japanese language. But the whole idea of divinity, of supreme power, is embodied in the Emperor. He does not rule by divine right, but as divine right. The Mikado of Japan, Emperor Hirohito, is supposed to be the 124th member of his dynasty.

He is, curiously enough, a constitutional monarch. Yet he is, at the same time, in his person, the Japanese people, the symbol of everything they are, have been, or hope to be. It's very difficult for us westerners to understand that an eastern nation can completely absorb western machine civilization, and at the same time revere its human monarch as a god, and not as a man. Theoretically the Emperor of Japan is Japan, more truly and more mystically than Louis XIV, who said, "I am the State," was France. Theoretically, the Emperor owns Japan, owns every life in Japan, and can dispose of his people as he wills. That theory has never been tested, but it exists as more than an empty phrase: it exists as a profound religious conception.

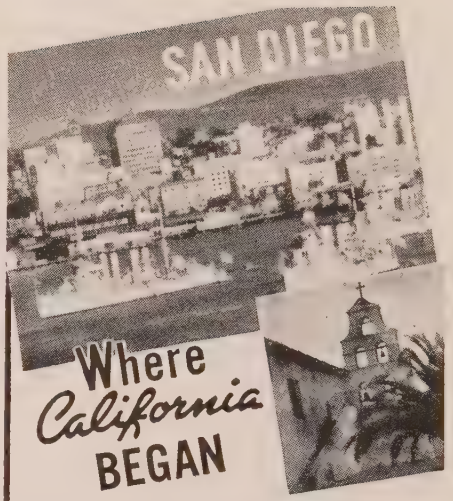
In the Old Testament, it was forbidden to attempt to delineate the features of God in a picture, and it was forbidden to pronounce the name of God. In Japan, the Emperor's face is too holy to be put on coins. Pictures of him exist, but in schools, for instance, they are kept, like a shrine, locked up, taken out only occasionally, when the national anthem is sung. No man or any picture of any man can stand or hang where he or it may look down on the Emperor.

No man can touch the person of the Emperor. The court physician must diagnose his illnesses at a distance and take his pulse with silk gloves on. When the Emperor's tailor comes to the palace he has a tough job. He must stand off at a distance and guess the measurements.

Once a switchman delayed the Emperor's train for two minutes. He committed hara-kiri, a peculiarly Japanese form of committing suicide by disemboweling one's self. A tire blew out on the Mikado's car—and the chauffeur killed himself. To name a child after the Emperor is forbidden.

But this little man who lives in strange, godlike seclusion as the head of one of the most active, pushing nations on earth once broke with a Japanese precedent more than 2000 years old. In 1921, when he was a prince and the heir apparent to the throne, he did what no other Japanese in his position had ever done: he made a tour of the western world, to the enormous fear and worry of many of his more religious subjects, who feared that harm would befall their fragile god traveling among common men. Numbers of them committed suicide.

Hirohito—emperor, god, and man, behind the walls of his seclusion, living at an immense distance from the world—



Where California BEGAN

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Photo of the Week

SUNSET FROM THE SKY—Ted Huggins was 11,000 feet up, flying over the Pacific when he took this striking photograph.—*Chicago Tribune*

has acquired not only western tastes, but highly modern western tastes. His hobby, for instance, is one of the newest of western sciences: biology. He is an amateur scientist, works in his own laboratories, and, since biology is partly concerned with the mystery of life, we see the strange spectacle of a man who is omniscient in Japanese eyes trying to solve the riddle of existence: what is life, after all?—*Dorothy Thompson*

QUEER VISITORS

from "The Leader," London

THE outside world would be surprised if it could learn of the number of queer callers, cranks, and others who arrive at Buckingham Palace and, to a lesser extent, other royal residences every week throughout the year and demand to see either the King or some other member of the Royal Family upon one pretext or another.

The police on duty are constantly being called on to deal with such people, who need to be handled with considerable tact.

Inventors compose the most numerous class who seek these interviews, all convinced that they have something destined to revolutionize the future history of the world if only they can induce the King to give it his blessing.

Just now, as might be imagined, the wars of the future mostly attract these inventors.

It has been estimated that at least a couple of dozen discoverers of mysterious rays that would destroy any number of hostile air raiders or an invading army with the utmost ease have sought to thrust themselves into the presence of royalty within the past twelve months.

The great majority of those who thus seek to pester royalty are obviously badly balanced mentally. Some become very violent indeed when refused admission.

One elderly lady, on being turned away from the gates of Buckingham Palace, proceeded to smack the face of a sentry.

While callers of this character are numerous, they are greatly outnumbered by those who write to the King and other royalties. There was one very curious series of letters that used to arrive at York House in the days when the Duke of Windsor lived there as Prince of Wales. The secret behind these has never been solved.

Punctually on the first of every month a letter, postmarked from Hamburg, used to arrive containing, in German notes, the equivalent of £10. Never a line accompanied this, and the most careful inquiries failed to trace the sender.

At first His Royal Highness placed these notes on one side to be returned to their owner if he were discovered. Afterward he caused them to be devoted to charitable purposes. This continued regularly until he came to the throne, when the notes ceased coming.

Very rarely is any member of the Royal Family threatened with actual harm. On the other hand, some writers beseech royalties to refrain from visiting a certain place at a certain time, convinced that harm would befall them if they did.

MIDGET RAILROADS

from "Town and Country"

THERE is a group of youthful elders who have seized upon miniature railroading as the complete hobby that offers as much open air as golf, as great a pleasurable expense as yachting, and as many finicky details as stamp collecting. And miniature, mind you, doesn't mean *model*. The magnates under discussion are not concerned with the little electric train outfits with which model railroad clubs play; they are "live steamers" and will recognize nothing but actual working miniatures of locomotives that pull cars with real passengers along their Lilliputian roadbeds. These owners disregard tariffs, commerce commissions, and anti-trust legislation. Coal and steam are their gods and Vincent Astor is their prophet.

Poem of the Week

TO A BAT IN DAYLIGHT

You tiny Mephistopheles
Of prick-up ears and leathern wings,
What make you here in hours like these?
The sun is bright, the robin sings;
The time for flittermice to fly
Is when the dusk bedims the sky.

But like a little bobtail bird
In flaming noon you dart and soar;
It isn't right, upon my word!
Did ever bat do thus before?
Back to your hole, you impish elf,
And by your heels go hang yourself!

Yet, after starlit nestling-time
Of swallow, oriole and wren,
As tree toads trill and crickets chime
Like distant sleighbells, dance again
Your diabolic rigadoon
Across a disapproving moon!

—Arthur Guiterman in
The Atlantic Monthly

In the development of his elaborate miniature railroad at Rhinebeck, New York, Vincent Astor has found employment for his scientific and inventive talents. He and his estate manager have devised rails, fishplates, and switches to meet their special requirements; also a new method of engine oiling, a steam brake, a new reversing lever, and finally —crowning glory of all—an entire engine.

This pride of the Rhinebeck rails is 55 inches long and weighs 450 pounds. It is equipped with every gadget a full-sized locomotive carries, from whistle to Walschaerts gear, is reputed to have cost about $10,000, and has drawn a maximum load of 22 adults and 11 children. Engineer Astor drives from a seat in the tender, and once attempted a non-stop record run. All bets were called off after 45 minutes, though, because of the paralysis which was creeping over the cramped Astor knees.

Another, and more professionally active, pioneer in miniature railroading is Calvert Holt of Greenwich, Connecticut.

He was successful from the start, and his Westchester home is now half machine shop and half residence. There is a legend that an irascible neighbor, annoyed by the puffing and tooting of the Holt engines, has twice sought to silence them by injunction. On each occasion, when Mr. Holt was asked to show cause why the injunction should not be granted, he invited the Greenwich city fathers out to his testing tracks and gave them the run of the rails. P. S.—The neighbor didn't get the injunction.

In Hot Springs, Virginia, Kenneth Ellis' project includes what is probably the finest miniature engine in the country. It took more than five months to build this six-foot copy of one of the Pennsylvania's giants, which weighs 950 pounds and can haul ten tons.

On the Penrose estate, outside of Philadelphia, is the "Devon-Darby R. R.," owned and operated by Boies Penrose, 2d, namesake nephew of the late United States Senator. This system is a mile long, and has trackage whose gauge is an ample seven and one-half inches. The engine is capable of hauling its engineer and four passengers at a speed of 25 miles per hour. It is referred to locally as the *Sheep Meadow Express,* and its initial trip each spring is accomplished with much éclat.

Certainly one of the most ardent miniature railroaders was the late William Gillette. At Hadlyme, in the Connecticut hills, the show-piece of his estate was a little railroad that had three miles of trackage, any number of cars, toy engines, and a right of way that encompassed bridges, tunnels, stations, and repair shops. Here, dressed in engineman's overalls and visored cap, the erstwhile Sherlock Holmes spent most of the time that was not devoted to outwitting the nefarious Professor Moriarity on the stage; visitors were asked to come again solely on the basis of the enthusiasm they displayed for their host's plaything.

All told, there are probably a hundred or more of these railroad reproductions in active operation at present in this country.

Some of these systems are small, others large, but none can be classified as casual and inexpensive. An engine alone will cost anything from $550 (for a two and one-half inch gauge size) to almost anything you're willing to pay; then there's the track and other incidental equipment. But costly as such a hobby is, an increasing number are going in for it.

Don't be surprised if some day your in-

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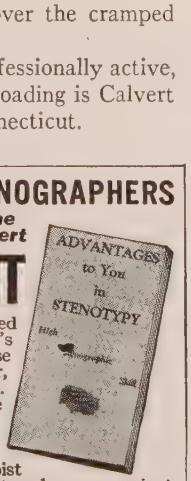

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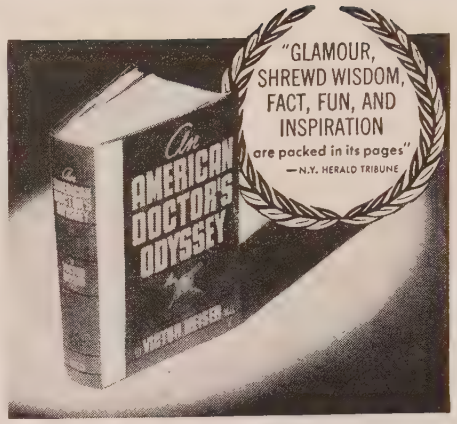

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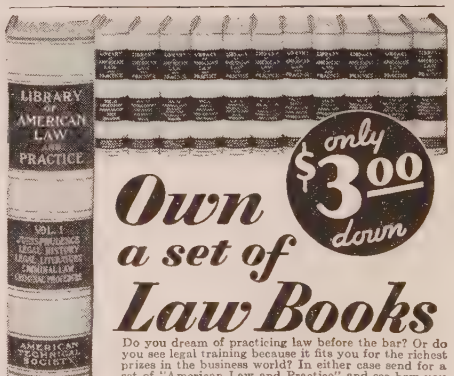

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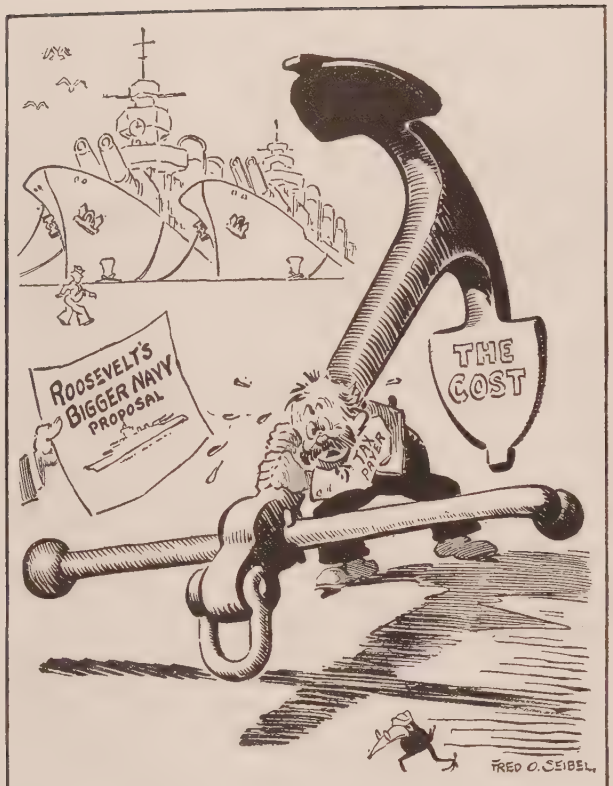


What do you do in the navy, sailor?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

vitation to a country-house week-end substitutes for the conventional "our car will meet you at the train," the rather more exciting "our train will meet you at the car."—*A. C. M. Azoy*

AFTER-FORTY CHANCES
from "Psychology"

PROBABLY you think you live in one world, in one country, under one flag, in one civilization. All wrong! You dwell on a planet whose surface is peppered with thousands of little worlds, many of them rubbing elbows all the time without realizing it.

In a single New York street that is less than a quarter of a mile long, I can take you into a score of worlds. One is the fisherman's. In a cool, still shop you meet men grown gray in the art of shaping bamboo poles and hooks of a hundred curvatures, each designed to hold one finny species. Here you listen to a foreign language in which now and then you recognize words apparently English: Lilly hooks, chum, drag line, and other gibberish. Across the street is a still odder and smaller world: the universe of the fireworks manufacturer.

In the same block you find the queer world of the radio, the world of the maker of Catholic images and rosaries, the world of men who design ornamental iron fences, the world of men who distribute magazines to newsstands everywhere, and many more. There is hardly more contact and understanding between any two of these island universes than there is between you and the Grand Lama of Tibet.

Now it is almost everybody's misfortune that each of us is born into one of these little worlds, grows up in it, learns its language and think its thoughts. By the time we pass forty, we harden in these ways and honestly fancy that our world is the real one, while others are fairy tales.

If our world fails us and we must rebuild our fortunes, we cannot see the opportunities that swarm in these millions of other worlds.

When 10,000 people are all trying to get or do the same thing at the same time and in the same place, plainly your chances aren't very good. When 10,000 people walk out, the odds that the lone prospector, who comes in behind, may find something worth picking up, look good to me.

You are a miner. You decide to go prospecting again. You have been living, of late, two blocks east of Broadway. Would you begin prospecting at Broadway's golden curb? Would you sink your eager pick into Broadway's pavement?

Why do I ask silly questions? Simply because most people on earth do this very thing. They start seeking fortunes on the most heavily traveled highways, where tens of thousands before them have hunted for a lucky strike. But where many have hunted, hunting can never actually be good.

You should begin by analyzing yourself as a human product in the market for a buyer ready to pay a right price for the proper commodity. You make a list of every asset of yours you can think of. Above all, emphasize every asset that accompanies age; good judgment, reliability, persistence, etc.

You make a list of your liabilities, personal and vocational. Next, you make up a list of the types of work you are qualified to do well. Then make a list of every individual and organization within interviewing distance that does the type of work for which you are fitted.

Finally, compose a letter in which you offer your services for some specific kind of work done by your prospective employer. Do *not* say you are out of work. Do *not* volunteer to do any kind of work. *Do* try to sell yourself as a better product.

The best way to find the open road to a career is the old American way: Go pioneering on your own with a vengeance and with everlasting open-mindedness, patience and determination. But utilize the techniques just set forth. They will help you to avoid wasting energy and time.—*Walter B. Pitkin*

MODERN WAY TO MECCA
from "Al-Ahram," Cairo

THE days when the pilgrimage to Mecca brought cholera, dysentery and typhoid fever in its wake are over. From the instructions issued by the Ministry of the Interior of the Egyptian government to those who contemplate the pilgrimage, it is evident that all precautions possible are taken to make the pilgrimage streamlined and sanitary. A medical mission, with headquarters in Mecca, accompanies the pilgrims while Bank Misr (the native national bank) arranges for the convenience of the pilgrims: carrying them on its own ships, attending to transportation on land and acting as agents for the pilgrims with the Saudi Arab government.

The eighth instruction to the pilgrims reads: Monday and Thursday of each week are designated for inoculation against cholera, typhoid and smallpox in the various municipalities, and for getting their passports visaed. The pilgrims are warned that the ministry has decided to prevent any pilgrim from making the journey unless the visa on his passport indicates that he has been inoculated twice against cholera and typhoid and once against smallpox before leaving his town.

And in the fourteenth instruction the pilgrim is advised to choose for his traveling from Jedda to Medina or Mecca the taxi or lorry instead of the camel. For, beside the hardships and cumbersomeness of the more ancient method of transportation, the ministry's instructions explain, the automotive transportation is actually cheaper, making in only three days the journey that would take 20 days by camel.

PIONEERS IN CAREERS are wanted today, says Walter B. Pitkin. Originality is your chief business asset.

Topics in the News

Business . Science . Music . Education . Theater . Movies

BUSINESS: We are reminded again of silver

BEFORE attending the World Economic Conference in 1933, the United States specified that silver should be one of the topics for discussion. This month, in silver mining states of the West, in financial centers of the East, and in silver exporting countries abroad, the white metal again provokes discussion.

For the London Silver Agreement expired with 1937. It had developed indirectly from the World Economic Conference. And with it expired President Roosevelt's proclamation of four years ago, wherein he bound the United States Treasury to buy newly mined domestic silver. But, at the same time, the Treasury extended its silver purchase agreements with Canada and Mexico until the end of January, and with China until next June. At the same time, also, President Roosevelt issued a new proclamation, extending for one year in modified form the New Deal's domestic silver-buying program, and thus revived the discussion over silver in a new vein.

When the New Deal embarked on its silver-buying program, it did so in response to demands of silver interests at home. These silverites argued that by raising the price of silver the government would stabilize the demoralized international silver market, and would stimulate trade with China, one of two countries then remaining on the silver standard. It was to perform this latter feat by raising the value of Chinese currency and hence promoting our merchandise exports to that country.

Under the terms of the London Silver Agreement, the government had promised to purchase some 24,000,000 ounces of silver annually for four years. It more than kept that promise. From domestic producers it bought some 175,000,000 ounces of the metal, first at a price of 64.64 cents an ounce and later at 71.11 and 77.57 cents. From foreign countries it imported some 1,113,000,000 ounces, at an average price of 45 cents an ounce.

Four years of silver buying have seen neither of the two objectives attained: purchase by the Treasury of sufficient silver, domestic and foreign, until either (a) it had enough of the metal in its vaults to equal one-quarter of our monetary resources or (b) the world price of the metal rose to $1.29 an ounce.

Silver stocks have not reached the 1 to 3 ratio with gold, for the very good reason that gold has been added to our monetary stock in unexpected amounts since devaluation of the dollar. World prices of silver, after two years of wild speculation (1934-35), are again back to the depressed 45-cent level that prevailed in 1934. China, depleted of her silver stocks by nationals who found the metal more valuable as export bullion than as currency, and hence exported it, has been forced to embrace a managed currency. But domestic silver producers have all the while enjoyed a premium over the world price, which premium in the last two years has averaged 32.5 cents an ounce.

Under the terms of President Roosevelt's new proclamation, domestic producers will henceforth receive a price of 64.64 cents an ounce for the newly mined metal, which is 12.93 cents less than the former bounty but still 19.64 cents above the current world price. To the Treasury, therefore, goes an increase in its seignorage profit from 40 to 50 per cent. Seignorage is the book profit that ensues to the Treasury when it converts raw metal into currency.

"What would happen," asks the Baltimore *Sun*, "if the governments of the world were suddenly to abandon their interest in silver as a currency medium? Two things are certain: The price would collapse as quickly as our present silver policy raised it. And more newlyweds would begin their lives with solid silver instead of plate."

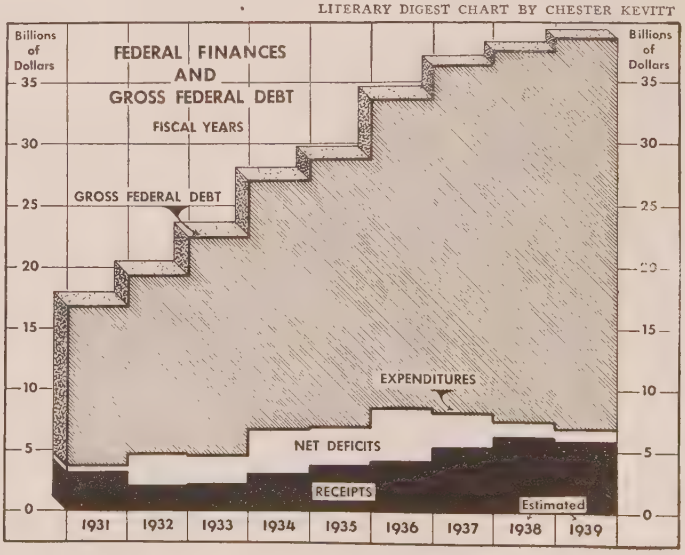
SCIENCE: Action covers and color photography

THE COVERS of the LITERARY DIGEST for the past two months illustrate the latest development in photography—the candid camera in color.

Color photography dates back to 1861, when Clark Maxwell demonstrated by lantern slides at the Royal Institution in London that all colors may be produced

	1938 Jan. 1	1937 Dec. 25	1937 Dec. 18	1937 Jan. 2
STOCK VALUES	57	52	53	135
BOND SALES	70	65	64	122
BANK DEBITS—N. Y. CITY	86	97	87	93
DEPOSIT CIRCULATION—N. Y. CITY	118	114	110	111
BANK DEBITS OUTSIDE N. Y. CITY	104	108	104	117
FREIGHT CARLOADINGS	91	98	99	118
BITUMINOUS COAL PRODUCTION	—	106	113	130
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION	149	144	139	136
AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION	76	79	82	111
ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION	125	123	123	127
COTTON FORWARDINGS	81	85	90	152
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS	124	106	105	137
STEEL PRODUCTION	43	47	51	139
INDEX OF GENERAL BUSINESS	**94.2**	**95.4**	**94.5**	**126**

LITERARY DIGEST CHART BY CHESTER KEVITT



OUR INDEX OF BUSINESS has hesitated, for three consecutive weeks, at about 95 per cent of 1930-36 normal. Note the drop in one year, however, from 126 per cent of normal

COPLAN

CANDID COLOR negative from Literary Digest's camera reveals the minuteness of the original picture before enlarging to a full-size cover

by mixing the light of the three primary colors—pure red, pure green, and blue-violet. From that time on, scientists have been engaged on the twofold problem of perfecting photographic films that would capture the colors of the original subject, and of reproducing in permanent form the picture, so that it could be seen without the aid of a projection lantern.

Years of experimentation have produced several processes, each with its own advantages and drawbacks. In one there are three plates, laid atop one another, each catching one of the three primary colors. But these plates contain a necessary screen which makes reproduction difficult. A similar process, often used, combines the three plates, or three films, in one, but still employs the screen with its attendant drawbacks.

The one-shot process involves a weighty camera which simultaneously exposes three large plates by means of mirrors. It has no screen, but the long exposures necessary, the unwieldiness and the cost of the camera ($1000 and up) make anything but studio shots impracticable. Most color photography, save for retouched black and white, is taken in this manner.

Only recently has it been possible to take color pictures under exposure conditions comparable to black and white photography. Kodachrome, like the one-shot process, has no screen to interfere with reproduction. With correct lighting, pictures can be taken at high speed. Color values, by the elimination of an artificial appearance, are often better than those of other processes. This advantage is partly due to the possibility of reproduction directly from the film instead of from a print.

A single film is used, but it accomplishes the separation of light into three components by layers of sensitized emulsions and of gelatin. The film itself—made to fit some miniature cameras—is coated five times. First, there is a base with an antihalation backing, next comes an emulsion which is red-sensitive, then a layer of gelatin with dye in it to act as a filter. Then comes a coating of green-sensitive emulsion, covered with another separating layer of gelatin. The top coat is blue-sensitive and contains yellow dye. So thin are these laminations that the total thickness of the film is scarcely more than that of an ordinary film.

The processing of the film is a highly complex affair and consists of a series of washing, bleaching, and developing, in which three separate machines are used. When this is completed, the final film has three dye images—a blue-green image in the bottom layer, a magenta image in the middle layer, and a yellow image in the top layer.

But kodachrome film comes only in two small sizes, necessitating, for practical purposes, much enlargement. Best exposure results are obtained only in midday sunlight. At an earlier or later hour a distortion of light rays affects the film.

In previous processes, one great difficulty was to arrive at an even balance among the three primary colors. Either red or blue was likely to predominate, but this new film, under perfect conditions and exposures, can give an extraordinarily faithful blend of colors. The great advantage of speed is obvious. It is now possible to photograph in color a bird in flight as successfully as formerly one could hope to photograph a stuffed owl. When manufacturers have developed this film in larger size, suitable for a Graflex, for instance, another big step forward will have been made.

MUSIC: Toscanini proves that he really is the best

ONLY ONE broadcast of the new symphony orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company was needed to prove what many people still had doubted: that Arturo Toscanini is actually the greatest living conductor, possibly the greatest of all time, and that even an average listener can tell his superiority. The expensive group of musicians now devoting themselves almost exclusively to the Saturday night concerts over the air sounded more than adequate under Rodzinski and Monteux. Under Toscanini they have achieved the unmistakable quality of inspiration. The fifth Toscanini broadcast, out of ten, occurs on Saturday night of this week.

One is inclined to ask whether the same or even better results could not have been accomplished if Toscanini had continued to lead the Philharmonic Symphony Society on Sunday afternoons, as in the past. Even admitting that thousands of new listeners have been attracted to symphonic music, the question remains: Is it worth while?

Musicians have lost their jobs. At least one excellent conductor has been practically forced off the air. Local symphonic programs have suffered. And the prima donna complex has received a fresh and powerful stimulus.

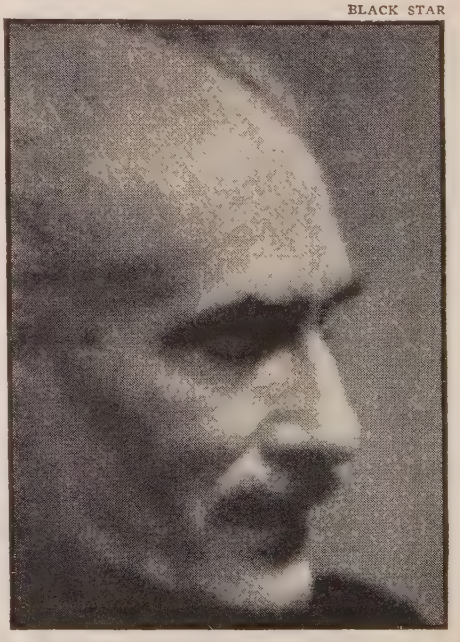
Millions of listeners recognize the undeniable greatness of these performances, but there can be very few who know just what constitutes their individuality. If you are not aware of Toscanini's power to make every detail of instrumentation absolutely clear; if you are not sufficiently familiar with a composition to grasp his uncanny ability to make music sound exactly as its creator must have intended; if, for example, you do not thrill at his revelation of that brief prophecy of the main melody by the cellos in the finale of Brahms's first symphony, or at his refusal to allow even the most complicated orchestration in the Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" to sound muddy for an instant, then Toscanini cannot mean much more to you than any fine conductor.

Shan-Kar's unique art

That amazing dancer, Uday Shan-Kar, once said in a public speech (delivered in perfect Oxford English) that America

MAESTRO TOSCANINI magnetizes both orchestra and listeners

BLACK STAR



had shown greater appreciation of his work than even his native India. Crowded houses throughout the country have proved once more that perfection, even expressed through a strange medium, inevitably wins an audience.

There is an extraordinarily fluid quality both in the dancing of Shan-Kar and in the accompanying Hindu music. Motion and sound seem to flow continuously, and those who fall under their spell become as fascinated as the imaginary snake of his cobra dance.

Shan-Kar's musical director, Vishnudass Shirlai, must be counted among the great musicians of the day. He performs individual miracles on drums, and has trained an ensemble whose effects of rhythm and tonal coloring are without parallel today. Fortunately some of this music is being preserved in Victor records.

ACME

A RADIO VOICE performs for Prof. Angela O'Byrne, noted authority on voice acoustics. She uses her auto-phonoscope to inspect the broadcasting system of announcer Thomas Freebairn-Smith of CBS

EDUCATION: We find new interest in our speech

ONCE A YEAR during the Christmas holidays several hundred speech teachers from all parts of the United States turn backs on family yule trees, pack bags and strike out for St. Louis, New Orleans, or some other large city. There, as delegates of the National Association of Teachers of Speech, they exchange palaver on the latest doings in America's fastest-growing educational work. A fortnight ago found them in New York. Amid a blare of voice-recording machines and other apparatus they got down to the No. 1 problem for 1938: how to cope with the enormous interest being stimulated in voice improvement by the radio and movies.

In 1930 the association boasted only 1500 members, although it had existed for more than fifteen years. Today it counts 4000 among the approximately 10,000 speech instructors in the United States. Largest proportion of these teachers are in New York State. Michigan ranks second, California third. Chief reason for the growth of their ranks is that America has stopped to listen to its voice —and doesn't like it. Hence, to correct it, speech courses have sprung up everywhere: in police departments, business corporations, government offices, professional schools, amusement industries, and all sorts of institutions. Almost every college in the land has taken it up either through radio or direct classes.

Teachers at the New York convention returned to homes engrossed in further evidence of two recent developments in American life. One is that slowly, through radio, movies, telephone, and automobile, regional dialects are merging into a uniform American language. Second is that voice today has become recognized as the key to personality.

It is not so much what one says, but how it is said. Good voices, it seems, do not number more than 5 in 100. We hurry, pitching our voices high and depriving them of their natural inflection.

Defects often are associated with an inferiority complex. Teachers find that most people swallow their voices. This produces that unprojected, mumbling effect. Many suffer, too, from lazy lips, sleepy tongues. An all-too-common bad vocal production also is due to an unnatural strain put on the muscles of the throat, mouth, and upper part of the chest. The sounds so produced are flat, choked, strident, nasal, sharp.

The LITERARY DIGEST asked Prof. G. E. Densmore, brilliant young instructor at the University of Michigan and one of the driving forces behind the teachers' association, what were the two leading defects of American speech. They were, he replied, poor pronunciation (i.e., misplaced accent) and poor grammar. Professor Densmore, whose class goes on the air, said that nobody knows how his or her voice sounds unless it is made on a record. Hearing their own voices so recorded, many persons are unable to recognize themselves. The reason, he explained, is that we are too close to the source of the sound.

Moreover, the sound the speaker hears is not what the listener hears. The low sound waves in the voice reach the speaker's own ear more readily, emphasizing the low overtones. The question, then, is how to adjust the voice to its natural expression. Here's how, said Professor Densmore: (1) Work for a normal pitch, (2) seek a variety of pitch to get away from monotones, (3) aim for a clearness and distinctiveness in enunciation.

While trying out the voice, cup the ears to catch the sound better. Try to be conscious of it. Ask others about it. As you talk, relax the throat, keeping the jaw and mouth muscles at ease. While alone, exercise the lips and tongue; blurt out aloud. Speech teachers emphasize that variety of voice comes with physical action, so that the use of the hands, the nodding of the head, or the movement of the upper part of the body always should be considered in good speech.

Above all, let the vocal cords be open and comfortable—that is their natural condition for natural speech. It makes for a well-modulated voice, which carries farther and is richer and more vital.

The radio has been the No. 1 prosperity stimulus for speech teachers. Through it, America is able to compare its voice. Probably the finest voice on the air today, teachers admitted at New York, is owned by Don Ameche. People listen to him, go around to the speech schools the next day and ask to learn to speak like him.

Hearing voices like his has made thousands of persons conscious of their own voice for the first time. They ask themselves: "Do I talk like him?" And when they find that they don't, they want to do something about it.

Teachers of speech insist that much of life's success is due to the voice. Some feel that Hoover and Landon failed because they could not put themselves over to the public the moment they started to talk. Roosevelt, on the other hand, has gained, in their opinion, no small amount of popularity from what is said to be a near perfect voice. The same is true of John L. Lewis, Senator Alben W. Barkley, Senator Borah. Huey Long was a tub-thumper, but a stellar voice-charmer. Hitler is a very ordinary person until he starts to speak.

The realization of voice importance in character is only now being recognized in the average college. As the National Association of Teachers of Speech adjourned until next yuletide, Victor M. Kleinfeld, director of the speech clinic at City College, New York, announced that he had found minor defects of speech among freshmen sharply increasing in the last six years. Among 5000 students under his observation, he discovered that outstanding faults were: hurried and careless articulation, lazy tongue articulation which blunts or dulls the clarity of consonant sounds, frequent "s" distortion, substitution of "d" for "the" and nasality and hoarseness. He blamed the high schools and said:

"If remedies were to be suggested, the first step should aim at teaching students in high schools to speak more slowly. The problems at City College would not be one-tenth so great if the speech defects were cared for in the high schools. Most of the classes have had little or no treatment."

THEATER: A play about a shoemaker's holiday

"HOW LIKE a new cart wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale bottle going to scalding."

That would be Firk, the journeyman, speaking; Firk, whose return to our midst occasions lusty, rollicking cheers in the throat of every man who ever slapped himself with joy over a good play.

Firk is the merriest of the merry band apprenticed to Simon Eyre. And Simon, forsooth, is the jolly shoemaker who became Lord Mayor of London. All this, indeed, is the work of a half-forgotten seventeenth century playwright, Thomas Dekker. It goes by the name of *The Shoemaker's Holiday.*

Reason for the commotion is that pair of incurable whirlwinds, John Houseman and Orson Welles. Not satisfied with achieving success in their debut production in New York, *Caesar,* they followed with *The Cradle Will Rock.* Having promised a thoroughgoing repertory theater as one of their innovations, they duly delivered up *The Shoemaker's Holiday* on New Year's night, 1938. The date doubtless was in deference to its original opening before Good Queen Bess on New Year's night, 1600.

The Cradle has been moved into another showhouse, but *Caesar* and *The Shoemaker* are fighting it out. One takes the first half of the week, the other the second half. Many of the same actors appear in both, and nobody who has seen the two shows can conceive of substituted players.

Messrs. Welles and Houseman have a touch that is pure radium. They know how to pick a company. They know how to set a stage: twice their answer was no sets at all. They know how to pack a directing punch.

Caesar is intense and significant tragedy. *Cradle,* equally serious, is modern and a light opera. *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is the work of a minor Elizabethan playwright out to give his audience fun.

This Mercury production is the third attempt to play *Shoemaker* in modern times. Previous versions were in California in 1911 and at Oxford in 1913. Orson Welles has captured the lusty, ribald spirit of the original. He has cut and welded it into a farce an hour and a half long, played (like his other Mercury productions) without intermissions. Audiences have lauded this innovation.

LORD MAYOR of London is Whitford Kane in the Elizabethan play, *The Shoemaker's Holiday,* produced by Orson Welles. Marian Warring-Manley is the wife

LUCAS & PRITCHARD

MOVIES: Walt Disney goes to feature length

OUR FIRST full-length animated cartoon film reaches the screen preceded by an avalanche of discussion, description, and printed praises. Yet words are too harsh to give an adequate impression of Walt Disney's fantasy, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* No matter how familiar are Mickey Mouse's touching antics, or Donald Duck's disgruntled doings, the first Disney feature film will strike audiences as utterly new.

From its opening sequence you are whisked into the land of dreams, where there are brighter flowers than you ever saw, friendlier animals than you ever met, truer love than you ever knew.

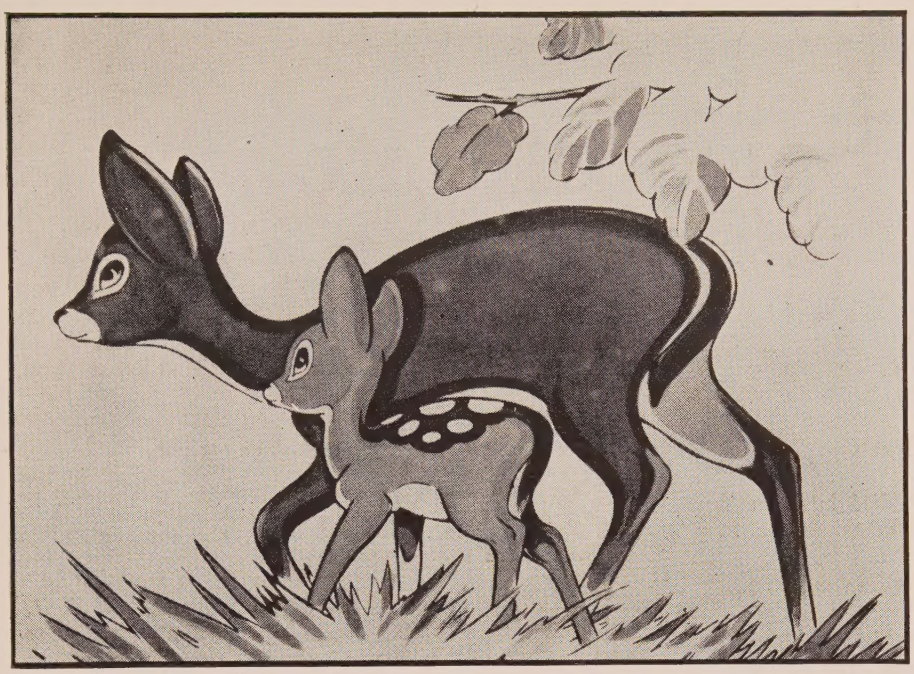
A hundred questions arise. How does an animated cartoon stand up for an hour and a half? Does the absence of reality grow tedious? How does the Disney Studio, so successful with animal characters, manage line-drawing human beings? Is not the delightful Grimm Brothers fairy tale out of date for a modern movie?

There are indeed overlong moments. This might be inherent in the technique, or merely an error of timing in a pioneer venture. The latter seems to be the case, for *Snow White* drags only when it is not packed with action.

The human cartoons will arouse most interest and criticism. One fault stands out, though not irritatingly. Even the magical Disney Studio was unable to avoid a jerky quality in its line-drawing of human beings. Snow White is a dream of a girl, but her articulation is not up to par. When she talks something goes haywire in the muscular movement of her jaw. This is not carping comment.

We ought to have at least one cartoon feature a year—if Disney does it. His artistry and genius pervade *Snow White.* His wistful, friendly philosophy is here again, his color is more exquisite than ever, his animals have their well known personality and charm. Best of all, he has invested them with the same elusive quality that has won Mickey and Donald a hundred million admirers.

Three years in the making, and costing a million and a half dollars, this Disney version is a modernized edition of the beloved Grimm fairy tale. Essential features of the plot—Snow White's escape from her wicked stepmother queen to live with the seven dwarfs, and the stepmother's disguise as an old witch to poison Snow White with the sleeping death—remain intact. The story is just as you always loved it, even to Prince Charming's arrival at the end and his



WALT DISNEY'S *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* **long-publicized work of animated cartoon art, strikes the movie stands, wins critics' praise**

kiss which awakened the Princess from her long sleep. Comic details both in action and dialogue and a lilting score of eight songs serve as necessary modernizations.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

An Ohio experimenter lists alfalfa as suitable to the human diet. An older school still holds to letting the cow eat it, and then eating the cow.—*Milwaukee Journal*

Secretary Wallace warns business to go ahead and prosper, or else. Since the government has paid a high price for prosperity without getting it, forcing it down the industrial esophagus will be a new experiment.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

One thing we can say for the Japanese military leaders. They pay no more attention to their own government than they do to ours and John Bull's.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*

Some of the colonies with which Britain would appease Hitler turn out to be Portugal's. It's the old duck dinner invitation, and you bring the duck.—*San Francisco Chronicle*

Here is one for the technical-minded diplomats: How can Japan make a peace with China without ever having a formal war?—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram*

"Density of population is the chief cause of war." Yes, if people were less dense, they would hang war-makers and live in peace.—*Buffalo Evening News*

The President says the newspapers spread fear by printing bad news about conditions. The patriotic thing to do is to look the facts in the face and run like anything.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker*

A jump in the price of public bathing is fiercely resented by the Japanese citizen. Wait till he gets the bill for sending China to the cleaner's.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News*

With the boys in Congress acting more and more selfishly in looking after their own interests, it would be sad indeed if the President should look in the mirror some morning and find the Forgotten Man.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*

FOR THE RECORD

Magazines, *newspapers, and writers make strange errors. Some are ludicrous; some are simply errors in fact. Send in those you run across in any publication—even in this magazine. For each one it reprints, the* Literary Digest *will pay two dollars.*

Genealogical blues—We caught Miss M— in conversation with a courtly gentleman who turned out to be a direct descendant of the first President.—*Ladies' Home Journal,* forgetting that George Washington had no children of his own

Maiden's prayer—The toys will be used to give children attending the B— P— women's club's annual Christmas party. . . . There will be two members at the theater to take the boys instead of the tickets.—*Hobart (Okla.) Democrat-Chief*

Rubbing it in—What the Sock Market Did.—*Department heading in Boston Herald*

Those gossips again—Mrs. J— B— presented her husband with a baby girl on Thursday. The happy parents have the congratulations of all on the suspicious event.—*The Lexington (Ky.) Herald*

Wish is father—My Dead Senator Smathers: I have received your letter . . . we welcome at all times thoughtful views and comment on any phase of our foreign relations. Sincerely yours, Cordell Hull.—*New York Times*

Like to like—Says T. B. Beef Is Sold in City; Dr. K— M— Says That It's Fit for Consumption. — *Vancouver (B. C.) Daily Province*

Maybe he scared 'em—Stories . . . have added fuel to the fires of debate over Thomas. Despite Harry's ragged appearance he has never licked anyone of importance.—*New York Daily News*

Parliamentary procedure—Japanese Claim Foothold Within Walls of Nanking; Furious Battle Continues; But Amendment to Send it Back to Committee Loses Only 206-197.—*Lynchburg (Va.) News*

Kill or cure—J— M— sustained a broken leg. . . . He was taken to the U— Hospital for treatment. Other body bruises resulted.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*

Attractive—Buy a good grade lipstick or lip rouge and use it for both laps and cheeks.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*

Necropolitan nights—The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has launched a tree-planting campaign aimed to turn every bare spot in the city into a grave. —*Pawtucket (R.I.) Times*

Literary
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Reasons for Repose—Why it doesn't seem like a real depression:

1. Most of the apple-selling is done in fruit stores.
2. Those circles under your eyes are still 20 per cent above the 1932 low.
3. No restaurant is advertising: "All You Can Eat For 30 Cents."
4. Those faded flivvers with the windshield busted and one knob off the door haven't reappeared on the streets in great numbers.
5. If you find yourself talking to yourself in public you are a little surprised.
6. People passing automobile salesrooms don't look in, point to the salesmen, and ask, "Are those wax figures?"
7. If you hear somebody sneaking around the barn you know it isn't anybody trying to hide dough in an old horse-collar.—*H. I. Phillips in Atlanta Journal*

Satisfaction—"I want a reliable chauffeur who takes no risks," said the would-be employer.

"I'm your man, sir," replied the applicant. "Can I have my salary in advance?"—Hartford Times

Service—Writer: "How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?"

Hiram: "Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's $3 extra."—*Widow*

Resource—Alphonsus, King of Naples, had a court fool whose custom it was to enter all the stupidities committed by his superiors in a large notebook. One day the King entrusted a huge sum of money to a Moor in his employ with which to travel in Arabia and buy horses. The fool jotted this incident down in his book. Idly thumbing its pages shortly after, the King discovered the entry and called the jester to his presence to explain. "Well, sire," began the fool, "it was monstrously silly to give a man so much cold cash—you'll never see it again!"

"And if he does come back?" asked the monarch.

"Then I'll cross out your name in my record and put his there instead."—Reclams Universum, Leipzig

Appeal to Reason—Answer received by the credit department of a Chicago firm:

"I don't expect to beat you out of any money. But I am going to say one thing I am not working so I don't make anything and until I go to work I can't pay you anything so keep your shirt on and as soon as I start to work I will send some money. But if you don't keep it on, well just take it off and hold it until after Xmas."—*Chicago Tribune*

One Point of View—The rural editor came home to supper tired but with an unusual smile lighting his face. "Have you had some luck at last?" inquired his wife. "Luck! I'll say so," said the editor. "Old Squire Skinner, who hasn't paid anything on his subscription for ten years, came in today and stopped his paper."—Neal O'Hara in Houston Chronicle

Sincerity—The tailor was selling his best friend a new suit.

"I'm telling you, Harry," he said, "that even your best friend won't recognize you in that suit! Just take a walk outside for a minute and get the feel of it."

Harry went out and returned a moment later. The tailor rushed up to him with a smile.

"Good morning, stranger," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"—*The Garment Worker*

Definition—All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress.—*Lin Yu-tang in Vogue*

Not Guilty—"Zeke played a mean trick on our parrot."

"What did he do?"

"The parrot was sound asleep in its cage, so Zeke got a big candy Easter egg and put it inside. Then he woke the parrot up. The parrot took one look at the egg and said: 'That's a lie.' "—Woodbury Program

Or Something—Once I was sent to interview Colonel E. R. Bradley, of Palm Beach Casino and Kentucky race-horse fame. He said he didn't want his name in the paper because people got to know it too well. "Take this young flier, Lindenbergh—it's Lindenbergh, Lindenbergh, that's all you see in the paper."—*Dixie Tighe in New York Post*

Organized Flock—A brother columnist joining us at Bill Bertolotti's the other night claimed his insomnia was so bad that the sheep were picketing him for shorter hours.—Louis Sobol in New York Journal and American

Mystery Unveiled—A man looking at some neckties tossed one or two aside contemptuously. Lingering after having made his purchase, he noticed that the clerk put those he had so positively rejected in a separate box.

"What becomes of those?" he inquired.

"We sell them to the women who come in here to buy ties for men."—*Lindsay Post*

Customs Official: "I thought you said you had nothing in your bag but wearing apparel —what's this?" Lady: "Oh—er—that's my husband's nightcap."—*Holite Humour, London*

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Help the President Found The Great New National Foundation

President Roosevelt said in announcing the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis:

"The purpose of the new Foundation is to lead, direct and unify the fight...to ensure that every research agency is adequately financed... to eliminate improper care and needless after effect...to disseminate knowledge to the practising physician who is the front line fighter of the sickness." What will be your response to this nation-wide appeal?

How will you answer the voices of thousands of children who the length and breadth of the land cry out—"Please help protect us from Infantile Paralysis." Certainly your answer will be swift—sure.

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